

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Clambring to hang, an enuious sluer broke,
When downe her weedy trophies and her selfe
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her clothes spred wide,
And Marmaide like awhile they bore her vp,
Which time she chaunted snatches of old laudes,
As one incapable of her owne distresse,
Or like a creature native and indewed
Vnto that element, but long it could not be
Till that her garments heauy with theyr drinke,
Puld the poore wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas, then she is drown'd.

Quee. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou poore *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my teares; but yet
It is our trick, nature her custome holds,
Let shame say what it will, when these are gone,
The woman will be out. Adiew my Lord,
I haue a speech a fire that faine would blase,
But that this folly drownes it. *Exit.*

King. Let's follow *Gertrard*,

How much I had to doe to calme his rage,
Now feare I this will giue it start againe,
Therefore lets follow. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Clownes.

Clowne. Is shee to be buried in Christian buriall, when she wilfully
seekes her owne saluation?

Other. I tell thee she is, therefore make her graue straight, the crow-
ner hath sate on her, and finds it Christian buriall.

Clowne. How can that be, vnlesse she drown'd herselfe in her owne
defence.

Other. Why tis found so.

Clowne. It must be so offended, it cannot be els, for heere lyes the
poynt, if I drowne my selfe wittingly, it argues an act, & an act hath
three branches, it is to act, to doe, to performe, or all; she drown'd her
selfe wittingly.

Other. Nay, but heare you good man deluer.

Clowne. Giue mee leaue, here lyes the water, good, here stands the
man,

Prince of Denmark

man, good, if the man goe to this water,
he, nill he, he goes, marke you that, b
drowne him, he drownes not himselfe
his owne death, shortens not his owne

Other. But is this law?

Clowne. I marry i't, Crowners que

Other. Will you ha the truth an't, i
man, she should haue been buried ou

Clowne. Why there thou sayst, and
should haue countnaunce in this wor
more then theyr euen Christen: Cor
ent gentlemen but Gardners, Ditcher
vp Adams profession.

Other. Was he a gentleman?

Clowne. A was the first that euer b
He put another question to thee, if d
pose, confesse thy selfe.

Other. Go to.

Clowne. What is he that builds stron
Shypwright, or the Carpenter.

Other. The gallows maker, for

Clowne. I like thy wit well in go
but howe dooes it well? It dooes we
dooft ill to say the gallows is built
the gallows may doo well to thee.

Other. VVho buildes stronger
Carpenter.

Clowne. I, tell me that and vnyo

Other. Marry now I can tell,

Clowne. Too't.

Other. Masse I cannot tell.

Clowne. Cudgell thy braines no n
not mend his pace with beating, an
next, say a graue-maker, the house
Goe get thee in, and fetch mee a fo
In youth when I did loue did I

Me thought it was very sweet
To contract ô the time for a my b

O me thought there a was noth